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BOOK OF MELODIES,
CHANTS AND RECITATIONS.

FOR THE

Schoolroom and Social Circle ;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A COURSE OF GYMNASTICS

FOR YOUTH.

HALIFAX :

PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES AND SON.

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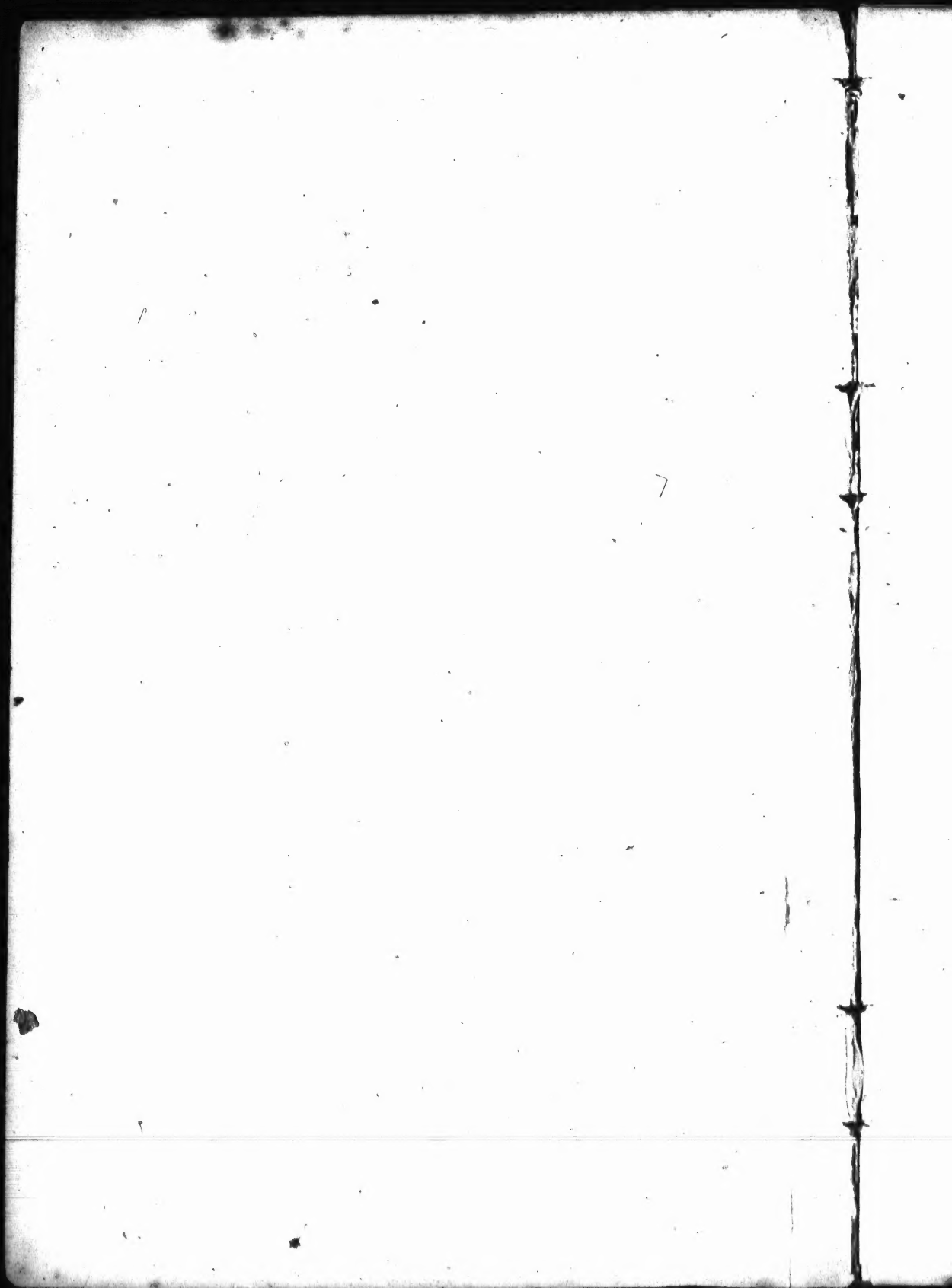
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PREFACE.

THIS small work has been prepared for the purpose of affording an opportunity of relieving the exercises of the Schoolroom of the monotony which is frequently experienced, by both Teacher and pupils. Too much time is generally occupied in a sitting posture. A few minutes spent in such exercises as those contained in the following pages, or in singing to some lively air one or more of the melodies, would have the effect of producing a state of good humour and pleasant feeling amongst the children, and rendering far less irksome the close application to other studies.

The healthfulness of children is of such vast moment that no effort should be spared to secure it, and nothing which interferes with it should be allowed.

The lungs and all the organs of breathing are especially benefitted by suitable movements of the body and limbs, and by the practise of vocal music.

Many of the diseases to which studious persons are subject may be entirely avoided, and probably valuable life lengthened, if precautions are taken in the earlier years to avoid injurious habits, and provide such exercises as will bring all the powers of the body into action frequently.

Where attention is given to the training of the physical powers, the mental faculties become more vigorous and capable of cultivation, so that instead of the time thus occupied being lost, the activity occasioned causes more progress to be made in those studies to which attention is being given.

Vocal music is taught in the public schools of Prussia, Germany, Switzerland, Great Britain, the United States, and indeed, in every country where the people feel the importance of general education. It is perhaps the most effectual means of softening the manners, improving the taste, and preserving the health of the rising generation.

Whilst it is desirable to give to the more advanced pupils an intimate acquaintance with the principles of music, and readiness in its performance, this selection may be used by all. It would thus probably supercede such compositions as might have an injurious tendency, add to the enjoyments of the family circle, and render more delightful the associations of home.

S. SELDEN.

GYMNASTICS.

Gymnastics embraces training in all those exertions of the muscles and motions of the limbs, as will have the effect of developing their powers and giving facility of action and gracefulness of movement in walking, running, balancing, jumping, vaulting, riding &c. &c.

The strength of the muscles and health of the body is greatly improved by the regular practice of gymnastic exercises.

This series of gymnastics has been prepared so as to supply, in small compass, a number of easy movements adapted to the young, and such as may be practised, either privately or simultaneously by a large number, in a school. Where a play-ground is attached to a schoolhouse it would be highly beneficial and might be made a delightful relaxation at intervals, during the hours of study, for the pupils to be required to perform this series of evolutions in the open air. When, however, such advantages are not possessed, most of them may be performed in the schoolroom. By these means, the spirits of both teacher and pupils would be refreshed and stimulated, and many of the evils of close confinement and the sitting posture counteracted.

Various other exercises may be had where *parallel bars*, a *wooden horse*, — a large cylindrical piece of wood raised about two feet above the ground, with leather nailed over wadding, for the saddle, and *ropes* suspended from a beam, &c., are provided.

Any number may perform the following exercises. They should stand in lines to marks on the ground about three feet apart. The lines should be at a distance of five feet from each other.

POSITION. 1, *Heels close.* 2, *Toes turned outwards* nearly at right angles. 3, *Head erect* and easy. 4, *Shoulders back* and down. 5, *Arms straight* by the sides. 6, *Hands closed* with the thumbs inside.

Previous to performing the more active exercises of the limbs it would be an advantage to occupy a few minutes in some preparatory exercises of the lungs by the following.

BREATHINGS.

1. *Full breathing.* Draw in the breath so as to fill the chest, then breathe it out as slowly as possible.

2. *Forcible breathing.* Fill the lungs, then breathe out with force similar to a suppressed cough.

3. *Sighing.* Fill suddenly the lungs with a full breath and breathe out again quickly.

4. *Sobbing.* Fill the lungs suddenly and send out the breath gently.

5. *Panting.* Breathe quickly and violently, making the emission of the breath loud and forcible.

Note. The words in *italics* may be used as words of command at first, but when sufficiently familiar, the *numerals* only should be used.

ARM EXERCISES.

FIRST MOVEMENT. 1, *Arms akimbo.* Place the hands on the hips so that the thumbs press upon the back, and the fingers are just seen in front. 2, *Elbows backward.* Throw the elbows forcibly back.

SECOND MOVEMENT. 1, *Position.* 2, *Elbows up.* Draw them up as high as possible. 3, *Force downwards.*

THIRD MOVEMENT. 1, *Fists up to shoulders.* 2, *Arms and hands straight upward.* Project them upwards forcibly.

FOURTH MOVEMENT. 1, *Elbows back.* Draw the elbows back as high as the shoulder, as far as possible. 2, *Hands forward.* Project them forward forcibly.

FIFTH MOVEMENT. 1, *Hands straight upward.* Let the palms of the hands be seen in front with the points of the thumbs together. 2, *Form a semicircle.* Keep the arms and hands extended and bring them slowly down to touch the feet, without bending the knees, and return slowly to the former position.

SIXTH MOVEMENT. 1, *Right fist to left shoulder.* Extend the left arm in a line with the shoulder. 2, *Left fist to right shoulder.* Throw the right arm in a line with the right shoulder, with the nails towards the ground, then bring the left fist forcibly to the right shoulder.

SEVENTH MOVEMENT. 1, *Right hand shut, and form a circle.* 2, *Left hand shut, and form a circle.* Both hands shut, and form a circle. The arm should be moved backwards and passed up close to the ear as possible and down in front, first slowly, then more swiftly.

NOTE. For the 8th, 9th, and 10th movements all should turn half round (right face).

EIGHTH MOVEMENT. 1, *Arms and hands straight forward.* Extend them forward with the palms of the hands together. 2, *Hands backward.* Throw them apart forcibly in a horizontal direction bringing the backs of the hands as near together as possible, behind.

NINTH MOVEMENT. 1, *Extend the hands forward the backs touching.* 2, *Swing them backward* till the palms touch behind as near as possible.

TENTH MOVEMENT. 1, *Position.* 2, *Form a circle.* Open the hands then raise the arms sideways and touch the backs of the hands over the head.

WALKING EXERCISES.

FIRST MOVEMENT. 1, *Position.* 2, *The walking step,* RIGHT foot, LEFT foot. Raise the foot in front, keeping the knee and instep straight and the toe bent to the ground.

SECOND MOVEMENT. 1, *Swing, right foot.* 2, *Swing left foot.* Raise the foot in front and swing it forward and backwards about the length of a step lifting the heel of the foot on the ground as the other passes.

THIRD MOVEMENT. 1, *The dancing step.* Raise the heels from the ground and throw the feet forward alternately letting one commence the motion forward just before the other returns.

FOURTH MOVEMENT. 1. *Raise the heels.* 2, *Walk six paces forward and return to the same place without putting the heels to the ground.*

FIFTH MOVEMENT. 1. *Raise the toes.* 2. *Walk six paces forward and return to the same place on the heels.*

BALANCING EXERCISES.

FOR BOYS.

FIRST BALANCE. 1. *Arms folded.* 2. *Right foot extend forward horizontally.* 3. *Left foot in the same manner.* 4. *Right foot extend backward horizontally.* 5. *Left foot in the same manner.*

SECOND BALANCE. 1. *Position.* 2. *Touch the breast with the right knee, then with left knee.* Let the body be upright and the toes pointing to the ground.

THIRD BALANCE. 1. *Right foot raised to the chin.* 2. *Left foot raised to the chin.* Keep from moving the foot on the ground.

FOURTH BALANCE. 1. *Hands and right foot forward horizontally.* 2. *Sit down on the ground and rise again slowly.* Keep from touching the ground with the hands. 3. *Hands and left foot forward and repeat the same.*

SIXTH BALANCE. 1. *Arms folded.* 2. *Lie down on the back.* 3. *Rise up again without unfolding the arms or touching the ground with the elbows.*

MELODIES.

1.—SUNRISE.

AIR.—*Life let us cherish.*

See where the rising sun,
Prepares his course to run;
What splendour decks the skies!
Haste and arise.
Oh, come with me were violets bloom,
And fill the air with sweet perfume;
And where like diamonds to the sight,
Dewdrops sparkle bright.

Fair is the face of morn,
Another day is born;
Your couch no longer keep
Wake from your sleep!
Oh! who would slumber in his bed,
When darkness from the sky has fled;
And when the birds ascend on high,
Warbling songs of joy.

2.—WELCOME TO SCHOOL.

Come, where joy and gladness
Make each youthful stranger a welcome guest;
Come, where grief and sadness
Will not find a dwelling in your breast.
Time with us will pass away,
With books, or work, or healthful play;
Sometimes with a cheerful song,
The happy hours will glide along.
Come, where joy and gladness, &c.

Thus, our days employing,
We are always learning some useful thing;
These pursuits enjoying,
Merrily together we will sing.
Tho' in sports we take delight
We also love to read and write;
Those who teach us, too, we prize,
Who strive to make us good and wise.
Come where joy and gladness, &c.

3.—FORGIVENESS.

AIR.—*Bonny Doon.*

In peace with all, the wise would live,
And long their anger will not burn,
But when they suffer they forgive,
And good for evil they return.
And we'll forgive, and we'll forget,
And conquer every sullen mood,
Unkindness shall with love be met,
And evil overcome with good.

It is not pride, it is not strife,
Nor bitter thoughts, nor angry deeds,
That gild with joy the days of life,
Resentment still to sorrow leads.
Then love shall triumph, love alone
Within our hearts shall live and reign;
Our foes subdued, its power shall own,
And once-loved friends, be friends again.

4.—IMPROVE THE PASSING HOURS.

AIR.—*Away with Melancholy.*

Improve the passing hours,
For time is on the wing,
Sip honey from the flowers,
And merrily, merrily, merrily sing.

All folly ends in sadness,
For trouble it will bring;
But wisdom leads to gladness,
And merrily, merrily, merrily sing.

Repine not, if from labour
Your health and comfort spring,
Work hard, and help your neighbour,
And merrily, merrily, merrily sing.
Store not your minds with fable,
To truth your homage bring,
Do all the good you are able,
And merrily, merrily, merrily sing.

5.—WORK AWAY.

I remember a lesson which was not thrown away,
“Learn betimes to be of use, don’t lose too much time
in play:”

Work away while you are able
Work away, work away.

Hands were made to be useful, if you teach them the
way,

Therefore, for yourself or neighbour, make them useful
every day:—

Work away, &c.

And to speed with your labour make the most of to-day.
What may hinder you to-morrow it’s impossible to
say:—

Work away, &c.

As for grief and vexation let them come when they
may,

When your heart is in your labour, it will soon be light
and gay:—

Work away, &c.

In the world would you prosper, then this counsel obey.
Out of debt is out of danger, and your creditors to
pay:—

Work away, &c.

Let your own hands support you till your strength shall
decay,

And your heart should never fail you, even when your
hair is gray:—

Work away, &c.

6.—PERSEVERANCE.

AIR.—*Duncan Gray.*

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try again.

If, at first, you don't succeed,
Try again.

Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try again.

If you would at last prevail,
Try again.

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race ;
What should you do in that case ?
Try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try again.

Time will bring you your reward,
Try again.

All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you ?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try again.

7.—EVENING SONG.

Proudly, O sun, art thou sinking,
In the bright firmament low ;
Mountain and clouds art thou tinging,
Brilliant with golden glow ;
Brightly the stars are all twinkling,
Each in its loveliest light,
Now in the dim lighted distance,
Cometh the sweet peaceful night.

Now hath the night breeze awakened,
Stirring the leaves in the bowers,
Linden its perfume is spending,
White with its silvery flowers.
Brightly, &c.

Thus with our songs we will greet thee,
Peaceful and loveliest night!
While the fair queen of the heavens,
Sheds all around us her light.
Brightly, &c.

8.—THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

AIR.—*Begone Dull Care.*

My days of youth tho' not from folly free,
I prize the truth, the more the world I see,
I'll keep the straight and narrow path, and lead
where e'er it may,
The voice of truth, I'll follow and obey.

My footsteps lead, O truth! and mould my will,
In word and deed, my duty to fulfil:
Dishonest arts, and selfish aims to truth can ne'er
belong,
No deed of mine, shall be a deed of wrong.

The strength of youth, we see it soon decay,
But strong is truth, and stronger every day:
Though falsehood seem a mighty power, which we in
vain assail,
The power of truth, will, in the end, prevail.

My days of youth tho' not from folly free,
I prize the truth the more the world I see.
I'll keep the straight and narrow path, and lead
where e'er it may,
The voice of truth I'll follow and obey.

9.—THE CRICKET SONG.

Come join our sports, obeying
The laws that rule the game;
A noble game is playing,
And cricket is its name.
The ball aim'd at the wicket,
Will from the bat rebound;
Then run, boys, run, start ev'ry one
To catch the ball before it fall,
So take your stations round,
So take your stations round:
Then run, boys, run, &c.

And now secure of winning,
Another youth is seen,
His turn is just beginning,
The best bat on the green;
The wicket from our bowler,
Is long with skill defended;
But run, boys, run, start ev'ry one
To catch the ball before it fall,
He's out, the game is ended
And we the game have won.
But run, boys, run, &c.

10.—HOME.

Home, Home, can I forget thee?
Dear, dear, dearly lov'd home;
No, no, still I regret thee
'Tho' I may far from thee roam.
Home, home,
Dearest and happiest home.

Home, home, why did I leave thee?
Dear, dear friends do not mourn:
Home, home, once more receive me,
Quickly to thee I'll return.
Home, home,
Dearest and happiest home.

Friends, friends, soon shall embrace me,
With love, soothing each pain,
Friends, friends, soon shall you see me,
Hasting to meet you again.
Home, home,
Dearest and happiest home.

11.—TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He *could* not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
While you through my curtains peep,
And you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

12.—“COME MAY, THOU LOVELY LINGERER.”

Come May! thou lovely lingerer!
And deck the groves again,
And let thy silvery streamlets
Meander through the plain;
We long once more to gather
The flow'rets fresh and fair;
Sweet May! Once more to wander
And breathe the balmy air.

True, winter days have many,
And many a dear delight :
We frolic in the snow-drifts,
And then—the winter night,
Around the fire we cluster,
Nor heed the whistling storm,
When all without is dreary,
Our hearts are bright and warm.

But oh, when comes the season,
For merry birds to sing,
How sweet to roam the meadows,
And drink the breeze of spring ;
Then come sweet May ! and bring us
The flow'rets fresh and fair ;
We long once more to wander
And breathe the balmy air.

13.—DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

Old winter ! now farewell my friend !
Full many a merry meeting,
Which thou hast brought us now must end ;
We wait the spring's warm greeting.
Take hence what was to us so dear ;
But bring it back another year ;
We'll not be sighing,
Thou art not dying ;
Adieu ! we meet again.

Old winter ! now farewell my friend !
Full many a merry meeting,
Which thou hast brought us, now must end.
We wait the spring's warm greeting.
And Oh ! the spring how sweet will be
The harmony and melody
Of birds in chorus,
Rejoicing o'er us ;
But we shall meet again.

When wearied nature needs repose,
Thou'lt come, thy pleasures bringing;
Then round the crackling fire we'll close
Our winter-ballads singing,
Or on the ice by night or day,
On flying skates we'll glide away.
So I'll not sorrow,
'Tis but to-morrow,
And we shall meet again.

14.—THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

AIR.—In the days we went a Gipseying.

Come now my friends and sing the song,
All join with heart and hand,
Come make our youthful party strong,
A happy Temperance band:
We'll learn to sing of many things,
And this we'll have you know,
That we have signed the Temperance pledge
A short time ago.

We'll ask our fathers, too, to come,
And join our happy band;
True Temperance makes a happy home,
And makes a happy land!
Our mothers we are sure to gain,
And all our sisters too,
For we have signed the Temperance pledge,
A short time ago.

And all our brothers they must join,
We'll ask them every one;
We'll get our neighbours, too, to sign,
And help our Temperance on:
We'll sing and talk to all around,
And all our town shall know,
That we have signed the Temperance pledge,
A short time ago.

How often children do we meet,
With clothes not fit to wear ;
Who scarcely know a mother's love,
Or feel a father's care ;
And so their wretched life is spent,
In misery and woe,
Their parents would not take the pledge
A short time ago.

And thus we'll spend our happy days,
Till we grow up to men,
United with our friends around,
We'll be the firmer then.
And if degraded drunkards should
Invite with them to go,
We'll say, we signed the Temperance pledge,
A long time ago.

15.—OH, COME, COME AWAY.

Oh, come, come away, from studies now retiring,
Let work and care awhile forbear, Oh, come, come away ;
Come, come our music we'll renew,
And here where peace and joy should flow,
Let all hearts welcome you, Oh, come, come away.

And when all the care of another day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve, Oh, come, come
away ;

Oh, come where love will smile on thee
And round our heart shall gladness be,
And time fly merrily, Oh, come, come away.

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illumine the night, Oh, come, come away.
Come join your pray'rs with ours, address
Kind heaven our peaceful homes to bless
With health, hope, happiness, Oh, come, come away.

16.—IN THE COTTAGE.

In the cottage where we dwell,
We have led a peaceful life;
Ours are joys which none can tell,
Who engage in anxious strife;
Though but lowly be our state,
Yet contented with our lot,
We envy not the proud and great,
Happy in our humble cot.

Blest with life, and blest with health,
We desire no splendid home;
Nor, to be the slaves of wealth,
Do we ever wish to roam.
Though but lowly be our state, &c.
All the sweets that wealth can gain:—
Will not bring true liberty,
If in our cot contentment reign—
Homer's home where'er it be.
Though but lowly be our state, &c.

17.—THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious Queen;
Long live our gracious Queen;
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious;
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws.
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice
God save the Queen!

18.—THE MORNING CALL.

Friends awake! awake! awake!
From its slumbers now awaking,
Thro' the eastern darkness breaking,
See the morning star—
Friends awake! awake! awake!

Brother wake! awake! awake!
Hark! the cheerful birds are singing,
And the hills and dales are ringing
With their joyful song—
Brother wake! awake! awake!

Sister wake! awake! awake!
Every thing is now reviving,
Every one around is striving
For some new delight—
Sister wake! awake! awake!

All awake! awake! awake!
See the sun with splendor beaming,
O'er the distant waters streaming,
With his glorious light—
All awake! awake! awake!

19.—AWAY TO SCHOOL.

Our youthful hearts for learning burn,
Away, away to school.
To science now our steps we turn,
Away, away to school.
Farewell to home, and all its charms,
Farewell to love's paternal arms;
Away, away to school.

Behold! a happy band appears,
Away, away to school.
The shout of joy now fills our ears,
Away, away to school.

Our voices ring, our hands we wave,
Our hearts rebound with vigor brave,
Away, away to school.

No more we walk, no more we play,
Away, away to school.
In study now we spend the day
Away, away to school.
United in a peaceful band,
We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,
Away, away to school.

20.—GOD IS LOVE.

Lo! the heavens are breaking,
Pure and bright above;
Life and light awaking,
Murmur "God is love,"
"God is love."

Round yon pine clad mountain,
Flows a golden flood:
Hear the sparkling fountain,
Whisper "God is good."

See the streamlet bounding,
Through the vale and wood,
Hear its ripples sounding,
Murmur! "God is good."

Music now is ringing,
Through the shady grove,
Feathered songsters singing,
Warble "God is love."

Wake my heart, and springing
Spread thy wings above,
Soaring still and singing,
God is ever good.
"God is good."

21.—OH, HOW BRIGHTLY.

AIR.—Swiss Boy.

Oh! how brightly, how brightly the sun moves along,
From the east to the west, through the sky;
Oh! how lovely, how lovely the moon looks among
All the stars as they sparkle on high!

These glorious lights to us were given,
To raise our thoughts from earth to heav'n:—
Oh! how brightly, how brightly they all move along,
Shedding light o'er the world from on high.

Oh! how swiftly, how swiftly the bird flies away
To his home in the tall forest tree;
Oh! how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
And is happy as happy can be!

'Tis thus he tells of favours given,
And while he sings, he soars to heav'n:—
Oh! how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
In his nest on the tall forest tree.

And the roses, the roses, the lilies so fair,
Which we pluck from the green fields in May,
Fill with fragrance, with fragrance, the fresh morning
air,

And to us, as they bloom, seem to say
By whom their sweet perfume was given.
And thus they send it back to heav'n:—

Oh! the roses, the roses, the lilies so fair,
Fill the air, fill the air, all the day.

22.—COME AND SEE HOW HAPPILY.

Come and see how happily
We spend the day,
Always joining cheerfully
In school or play;
In our books and sports combined,
Many are the joys we find.
Come and see, &c.

We improve the present hour,
For swift it flies ;
Youth is but a passing flower,
Which blooms and dies ;
But with study and with song,
Time with us still glides along,
Come and see, &c.

23.—VACATION SONG.

AIR.—*Hungarian Waltz.*

Farewell ye kind friends, whom we leave for a season,
To seek our diversion away from the school ;
Ah ! sport is to youth more alluring than reason,
Yet thanks ! that so kindly and wisely you rule.

Now gaily we'll spend the fair hours of enjoyment,
And pleasure shall smile on each new coming day ;
To sip from each flower is the bee's sweet employment,
So speed we like him, to the fresh and the gay.

Yet back to the hive, at the insect's returning,
He bears the sweet burden he gathers 'tis true ;
And thus in the school-room our own hive discerning,
The honey—good humour—we'll bring back to you.

24.—MORNING SONG.

TUNE.—*Old Dan Tucker.*

The stars are fading from the sky.
The mists before the morning fly ;
The East is glowing with a smile,
And nature laughing all the while,
Says, clear the way ! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking !

The cock has crowed with all his might,
The birds are singing with delight;
The hum of business meets the ear,
And face to face, with kindly cheer,
Says clear the way! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

The clock is striking, haste away!
The school is open, leave off play,—
The sun of knowledge there we find
Arising on the youthful mind.

So clear the way! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

25.—THE BOATMAN'S EVENING SONG.

See brothers see, how the night comes on
Slowly sinks the setting sun;
Hark, how the solemn vespers sound,
Sweetly falls upon the ear;
Then haste let us work till the daylight is o'er,
And fold our nets as we row to the shore,
Our toil and labor being done
How sweet the Boatman's welcome home,
Home, home, home,
The Boatman's welcome home
Sweet, oh sweet the Boatman's welcome home.
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.
See how the tints of daylight die,
Soon we'll hear the tender sigh;
For when the toil of labor's o'er,
We shall meet our friends on shore;
Then haste let us work till the daylight is o'er,
And fold our nets as we row to the shore,
Our toil and labor being done
How sweet the Boatman's welcome home,
Home, home, home,
The Boatman's welcome home,
Sweet, oh sweet the Boatman's welcome home;
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.

26.—SUMMER SONG.

Days of summer's glory, days I love to see!
All your scenes so brilliant, they are dear to me.

All the day I'm lively, though the day is long;
And from morn to evening, sounds my happy song.

Let my mind be ever bright as yonder sun;
Pure as are the breezes, just as night comes on.

Meadows, fields and mountains, clothed in shining green;
Little rippling fountains, through the willows seen.

Birds that sweetly warble all the summer days,
All things speak in music your Creator's praise.

27.—THE WAYS OF TRUE TEMPERANCE.

AIR.—*Buy a Broom.*

In the ways of true temperance we now are uniting.
So merry and happy wherever we go!
If firm to the purpose in which we're delighting,
We shall never be drunkards—oh never, oh no!

But temptation will meet us thro' life, as we journey,
We cannot avoid it wherever we go:
But still we may conquer, if we are determined,
And never be drunkards—oh never, oh no!

The first little drop of strong drink that is taken
Is the first step to ruin, e'en children may know.
If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,
We shall never be drunkards—oh never, oh no.

Then free from the ruin, strong drink would occasion,
We'll stand by our temperance wherever we go.
And if bad men should tempt us, we'll resist their
persuasion
And never be drunkards—oh never, oh no.

28.—THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

AIR.—*To all you Ladies.*

May every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move,
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her power maintains;
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right, and the truth shall be
And come what there may
To stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh! give not o'er until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
In vain, and long, enduring wrong,
The weak may strive against the strong:
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might, &c.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard;
To noble minds, that duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view;
And the day will yet appear,
When the might, &c.

29.—BLISS IS HOVERING.

Bliss is hovering, smiling everywhere,
Hovering o'er the verdant mountain,
Smiling in the glassy fountain,
Bliss is hovering, smiling everywhere.

Innocence unseen is ever near.

In the tall tree-top it lingers

In the nest of feathered singers ;

Innocence unseen is ever near.

Pleasure echoes, echoes far and near ;

From the green bank deck'd with flowers.

Sunny hills and pleasant bowers,

Pleasure echoes, echoes far and near.

Up and weave us now a flowery crown ;

See the blossoms all unfolding,

Each its beauteous station holding ;

Up and weave us now a flowery crown.

Go ye forth and join the happy throng ;

Sings the robin by the river,

In the breeze the young leaves quiver ;

Go ye forth and join the happy throng.

30.—THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee

Improve each shining hour,

And gather honey all the day

From ev'ry op'ning flower.

How skillfully she builds her cell !

How neat she spreads the wax !

And labours hard to store it well,

With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,

I would be busy too ;

For Satan finds some mischief still,

For idle hands to do.

In books, or works, or healthful play,

Let my first years be past ;

That I may give for every day

Some good account at last.

31.—PATRIOTIC SONG.

AIR.—*Scots wa hae.*

Friends, we bid you welcome here,
Freedom's sacred cause revere;
Daily breathe a prayer sincere,
For those who suffer wrong,
Fear not, lest your hope should fail,
Truth is strong and must prevail;
What tho' foes our cause assail,
They'll never prosper long.

Who is he devoid of shame,
Justice for himself would claim,
Yet deny to all the same,
Through vain and selfish pride?
Friends, you long our hearts have known.
You're not left to fight alone;
We will make the cause our own,
For Heaven is on our side.

Who would live, to live in vain,
Live alone for worldly gain?
Spending days and nights in pain
For some ignoble end.
We would hope to leave behind,
Better times than we now find;
Better be it for mankind,
That we have lived their friend.

32.—THE PILOT.

O Pilot 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep:
"Go down," the sailor cried, "go down,
This is no place for thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."

Ah! Pilot, dangers often met,
We are all apt to slight;
And thou hast known these raging waves,
But to subdue their might.
"Oh! 'tis not apathy," he cried,
"That gives this strength to me;
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."

"On such a night the sea engulfed,
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."

33.—THE THIEF.

TUNE.—*Westbourne.*

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such ways to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving,
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Oft we see the young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner,
Then in shame he ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden.
Tho' we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

34.—HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh then, to glory run
Be a crown and kingdom won:
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

35.—THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

Greek Air.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children like lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hand had been placed on *my* head.
That his arm had been thrown around *me*,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him, and hear him, above,

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiv'n ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

36.—FIRST DAY OF MAY.

TUNE — *Huntsman's Chorus.*

How sweet is the pleasure on May's lovely morning,
To rove o'er the meadows all blithesome and free !
With garlands of flowers our temples adorning,
And dancing and singing with high merry glee.

There's pleasure in freedom whatever the season.

That makes every object look lovely and fair :

Then surely for pleasure we have a good reason,

For freedom hath blest us and free'd us from care.

O let us this May-day dispel all our sadness,

And give to the winds every sorrowing cloud ;

Let's fill up our pleasure, and pour forth our gladness,

In songs that shall echo them loud and more loud.

There's pleasure in freedom, &c.

All nature in beauty and splendour is shining

The hill and the valley are lovely and bright,

From earliest morning to evening's declining,

There's nought that appears, but it gives us delight

There's pleasure in freedom, &c.

37.—COTTAGERS' EVENING HYMN.

AIR.—*Tyrolese Evening Hymn.*

Come, come, come!
Come to the sunset tree,
The day is past and gone
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done,
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers
And rest to us is given,
By the cool soft ev'ning hours;
Come, come, come! &c.

Sweet is the hour of rest.
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;
When the burthen and the heat
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tried one at his door.
Come, come, come! &c.

Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows;
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, come! &c.

There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noon tide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wand'ring feet;
So we lift our trusting eyes.

From the hills our fathers trod;
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God.
Come, come, come! &c.

38.—OLD FRIENDS SHALL NEVER BE FORGOT.

Old friends shall never be forgot,
Whose love was love sincere,
And still, whatever be their lot,
We'll make them welcome here.

The kindness they have often shown,
We long have borne in mind,
And long we hope our friends have known,
A welcome where to find.

It shall not yet be said with truth,
That now our hearts are cold;
The friends who loved us in our youth,
We'll love when they are old.

And if in ills which we withstand,
They kind assistance need,
We'll stretch them forth a helping hand,
And be a friend indeed.

39.—HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and places though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

Home sweet home!
There is no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain
Oh! give me my low thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all,
Home, &c. C

40.—HOSANNA.

When his salvation bringing,
To Zion, Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to his name ;
Nor did their zeal offend him;
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
Well pleas'd to hear their song ;
Hosanna to Jesus they sung.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still ;
Though now as king he reigneth,
On Zion's heav'nly hill ;
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And raise a loud Hosanna
To David's royal Son.
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming.
Would their Hosannas raise :
But should we only render
The tribute of our words ?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too should be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

41.—WE'RE A BAND OF NOVA SCOTIANS.

AIR.—*W'ere a band united.*

We're a band of Nova Scotians,
We're a youthful happy band,
We're a band of Nova Scotians,
And we love our native land.
We're a band united, W'ere a band united,
We're a band united, and we love our native land.

Though we may not boast the olive,
Though our vales bear not the vine,
Though our shores are girt with granite,
And our hills are clad with pine;
We're a band united,
And we love our native land.

Homes we have on hill and valley,
Homes where beauty flings its spell,
Hearts alive to right emotion,
Hearts where truth and virtue dwell.
We're a band united,
And we love our native land.

Why oh! why then to be happy,
Need we seek some foreign scene,
Health abounds and every blessing,
'Midst our fir trees evergreen.
We're a band united,
And we love our native land.

42.—SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.

Why, oh why, my heart this sadness,
Why 'mid scenes like these decline,
Where all, though strange is joy and gladness,
Oh say, what wish can yet be thine.

All that's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless here I roam,
The stranger's joys howe'er enchanting,
To me, can never be like home.

Give me those, I ask no other,
'Those that bless the humble dome,
Where dwell my Father and my Mother,
Give, oh give me back my home.
My own, my dear, my native home.

43.—SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

AIR.—*Dearest Mae.*

Come rouse from leaden sleep, boys, the light proclaims
the day,
On rocky peak and gleaming flood the purple sunbeams
play,

'Tis time to mow the hay, boys, before the sun is high,
While sparkling yet on Earth's green breast the jewel
dew drops lie.

The hay, the hay, sweet as the flowers of May,
The happiest time of the summer's prime,
Is the time we make the hay.

Before the sun gets up, boys, before the breeze goes
down,

For fields and meadows blossoming, we'll quit the dusty
town,

Afar from dust and din boys, while the dew is on the
spray,

And all the birds are carolling; we'll mow the fragrant
hay.

The hay, the hay, the new, the fragrant hay,
The happiest time of the summer's prime,
Is the time we make the hay.

We'll make the hay till noon, boys, and then together
dine,

Our table and our seat the turf, beneath the spreading
pine,

Beneath the spreading pine, boys, while the linnet sings
above,

And cheerful Humour sits a guest, with Temperance
and Love.

The hay, the hay, the new, the fragrant hay,
The happiest time of the summer's prime,
Is the time we make the hay.

We'll rest and feast at noon, boys, and then we'll spend
the day,

Where hawthorn and the fern's sweet breath commingle
with the hay,

And buttercups all gold, boys, with air of conscious pride,
Look down upon the violets that nestle by their side.

The hay, the hay, the new, the fragrant hay,

The happiest time of the summer's prime,

Is the time we make the hay.

For rural joys we'll stand, boys, the joys unbought by
care,

The flowers that deck the mountain side, the water and
the air,

The types of bounteous heaven, boys, as sinless and as
true,

As old as Eden's paradise, and still for ever new.

The hay, the hay, sweet as the flowers of May.

The happiest time of the summer's prime,

Is the time we make the hay.

44.—WHEN THE DAY.

When the day with rosy light,

In the morning glad appears,

And the dusky shades of night,

Melt away in dewy tears.

Up the sunny hills I roam,

To bid good morrow to the flowers,

And waken in their highland home,

The minstrels of the bowers.

Oh! 'tis sweet at early day,

Then to climb the mountain's side,

Where the merry songster's lay,

Sweetly echoes far and wide.

Noon may have its sunny glare,

Eve its twilight and its dew,

Night its soft and cooling air,

But give me morning blue.

45.—THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray,
Of the good time coming.
Gun and sword may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger,
We'll win our battles by its aid;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Little children shall not toil,
Under, or above the soil,
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger,
And every one shall read and write—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming,
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger,
The reformation has begun;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming,
Smallest helps if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;

'Twill be strong enough one day ;
Wait a little longer.

46.—HALLELUJAH AMEN,
TUNE.—*Spanish Chant.*

Join now in praise, and sing,
Hallelujah, Amen !

Praise to your heavenly King,
Hallelujah, Amen !

By love and gratitude
Still be our hearts subdued,
Still be the song renew'd
Hallelujah, Amen !

Praise to the Lord most high,
Hallelujah, Amen !

Let every tongue reply,
Hallelujah, Amen !

Our father and our friend,
In thee our joys depend ;
Thy love will never end :
Hallelujah, Amen !

Sing both with heart and voice,
Hallelujah, Amen !

Sing, and in God rejoice,
Hallelujah, Amen !

O Lord, each day we prove
Some token of thy love ;
In thee we live and move :
Hallelujah, Amen !

Praise yet the Lord again,
Hallelujah, Amen !

Life shall not end the strain,
Hallelujah, Amen !

For when this life is o'er,
This dust thou wilt restore,
Thy goodness to adore ;
Hallelujah, Amen !

47.—DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Don't kill the birds, the little birds
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.
The little birds how sweet they sing,
O let them joyous live,
And never seek to take the life,
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds
That play among the trees,
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds how fond they play,
Do not disturb their sport,
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds, the happy birds.
That bless the field and grove,
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see,
No spot can be a cheerless place,
Where'er their presence be.
Don't kill the birds, &c.

48.—THE SKATER'S SONG.

Air.—*With a helmet on his brow.*

Away! away! our fires stream bright,
Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light,
On the forest branches quiver.
What though the sharp North winds are out,
The skater heeds them not,
Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous route,
Gray winter is forgot.

Away! away! o'er the slippery ice,
Away! away! we go,
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet,
As deer on the Lapland snow.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter's hearth,
Or at the hall or festival,
Seek for their share of mirth.
But as for me, away! away!
Where the merry skaters be,
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice glows,
There is the place for me.
Away! away! o'er the slippery ice, &c.

49.—THE LABOURER'S SONG.

Let none but those who live in vain,
The useful arts of life disdain,
While we an honest living gain,
Of labour we will not complain.
Though some for riches daily mourn,
As if their lot could not be borne,
With honest pride from them we turn,
No bread's so sweet as that we earn.
Bright shines the sun, to cheer the sons of labour,
Through the field and workshop let their voices ring,
Night when we've done, we'll bring a friend and
neighbour,
Who will join the chorus so rejoice and sing.

With food by our own hands supplied,
We'll be content what e'er's denied,
The world could not improve the store,
Of him, who feels he wants no more,
Among the rich, among the great,
For all their wealth, and all their state,
There's many a heart not half so free
From care, as humble honesty.
Bright shines the sun, &c.

50.—THE MAYFLOWER.

Down in my solitude, under the snow,
Where nothing that's cheering can reach me,
Here, without sunshine to see how to grow,
I'll trust to fond nature to teach me.
I will not despair, nor be idle nor frown,
Tho' lock'd in so gloomy a dwelling,
My leaves shall run up, and my root shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
And from this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up, with my bright little head,
And all will be joyful to see me.
Oh, then from my heart will young petals diverge,
When the sun shines out after the shower,
And I, from the darkness of earth, will emerge,
A happy and beautiful flower.

Gaily arrayed in my pink, white and green,
As I to their view have arisen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene,
Came forth from so chilly a prison.
Thus many perhaps from so simple a flower,
This true little lesson may borrow,
If patient to-day thro' its gloomiest hour,
We shall come out the brighter to-morrow.

51.—WORK AWAY.

If in learning you'd succeed,
Work away.
'Tis a blessing you will need,
Work away.
And as you advance in years,
You will find it well prepares,
To sustain life's many cares.
Work away.

If you would in life arise,

Work away.

And become both good and wise,

Work away.

Those who knowledge do pursue,
And aim to be both wise and true.

May arise to honor too.

Work away.

Care not though the task is hard,

Work away.

You will reap a rich reward,

Work away.

Do not fear though once you fail,
Or your enemies assail,

Persevere and you'll prevail.

Work away.

52.—SCHOOL IS BEGUN.

School is begun, so come every one,

And come with smiling faces ;

For happy are they, who learn when they may,

So come and take your places.

Here you will find your teachers are kind,

And with their help succeeding ;

The older you grow, the more you will know,

And soon you'll love writing and reading.

Little boys, when they grow to be men,

And fill some useful station ;

If they should but once, be found out a dunce.

Oh ! think of their vexation.

Little girls too, a lesson for you,

To learn is now your duty,

Or no one will deem, you worthy esteem,

Whatever your youth or beauty.

School is begun, &c.

53.—BOAT SONG.

Lightly row, lightly row,
O'er the glassy wayes we go;
Smoothly glide, smoothly glide,
On the silent tide.

Let the winds and waters be,
Mingled with our melody,
Sing and float, sing and float,
In our little boat.

Music's note still doth float,
While we row our little boat,
Music's note still doth float,
While we row our boat.

Birds are wheeling in the air,
All we see is bright and fair,
Music's note still doth float,
Sailing in our boat.

Happy we, full of glee,
Sailing on the wavy sea;
Happy we, full of glee,
Sailing on the sea.

Let the winds and waters be,
Mingled with our melody,
Sing and float, sing and float,
In our little boat.

54.—THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.
And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colours bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed ;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade,
Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see ;
That I may also learn to grow,
In sweet humility.

55.—THE POPPY.

High on a bright and sunny bed,
A scarlet poppy grew ;
And up it held its staring head,
And thrust it full in view.
Yet no attention did it win,
By all those efforts made ;
And less unwelcome had it been,
In some retired shade.

Although within its scarlet breast,
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best,
Of all the flowers around.
From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I appear as pert and vain,
As does this gaudy weed.

56.—DAYS OF THE MONTHS.

AIR.—Here's a health.

Thirty days are in September,
April, June, and dull November ;
All the rest have one and thirty,
Save the month of February,
Twenty-eight are all its store,
But in leap year one day more.

CHANTS.

It is to be regretted that chanting is not more generally adopted, as it affords an easy means, for large numbers, to unite in expressions of prayer and praise. The feelings of the heart may perhaps be more effectually expressed by chanting, than by any other mode. In chanting, less effort and power of voice are required than in singing.

The following selections have been made with a view of cultivating a taste in the young, for this kind of musical composition.

EXPLANATIONS.

The horizontal lines (—) mark the places for taking breath.

The perpendicular lines (|) correspond to bars in music and divide the words into measures.

The points (.,) separate the words for the parts of measures.

The first portion or measure of each sentence is to be *recited* to the chanting note. The latter portions *sung* to the cadence in proper time.

SABBATH DAY.

Key A, | 1 | 2 3 | 2 || 2 | 3 2 | 1 || 1 | 1 ||

58.—PSALM 122. 1—4, 6—9.

1. I was glad when they said unto me,—
let us go into the | house .. of the | Lord.
2. Our feet shall stand within
thy | gates, .. O Je- | rusalem.

3. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is
com- | pact . . to- | gether :
4. Whither the tribes go up,—the tribes of the
Lord, unto the testimony of Israel,—
to give thanks unto the | name . . of the | Lord.
6. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:—
they shall | prosper . . that | love thee.
7. Peace be within thy walls,—
and prosperity with- | in . . thy | palaces.
8. For my brethren and companions'
sake, I will now say,—
| Peace . . be with- | in thee.
9. Because of the house of the Lord our God,—
I will | seek . . thy | good.

59.—ISAIAH 56. 4—7.

Thus saith the Lord,—
unto them that | keep . . my | Sabbaths,
And choose the things that please me,
and take | hold . . of my | covenant.
Even unto them will I give. in mine house,
and within my walls,—a place and a name
better than of | sons . . and of | daughters.
I will give them an everlasting name,—
that shall | not . . be | cut off.
Also the sons of the stranger,
that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him,—
and to love the | name . . of the | Lord,
Even them will I bring to my holy mountain,—
and make them joyful in my | house . . of | prayer.

MONDAY.

Key B | 1 | 3 | 1 | || | 132 | 1
 6 6 5

60.—PSALM 1.

Blessed is the man that walketh not
in the counsel | of . . the un- | godly,

- 3 Blessed are the poor in spirit;—
for theirs is the | kingdom .. of | heaven.
- 4 Blessed are they that | mourn; .. for |
they .. shall be | comforted.
- 5 Blessed are the meek;—for
they shall in- | herit .. the | earth.
- 6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after |
righteousness; — .. for | they shall be filled.
- 7 Blessed are the merciful;—
for they shall ob- | tain = | mercy.
- 1 Blessed are the pure in | heart ..
for | they shall see | God.
- 9 Blessed are the peacemakers; — for they shall
be called the | children .. of | God.
- 10 Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' |
sake; — for | theirs .. is the | kingdom .. of | heaven.

WEDNESDAY.

62.—PSALM 121.

Key B | 5 | 6 7 | 8 || 6 | 5 4 | 3 ||

- 1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,—
From whence | cometh .. my | help.
- 2 My help cometh from the Lord,—
Who made | heaven .. and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved ;—
He that keepeth thee | will .. not | slumber.
- 4 Behold he that keepeth Israel,—
Shall not | slumber .. nor | sleep.
- 5 The Lord is thy keeper ;—
The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite thee by day,—
Nor the | moon .. by | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil,—
He shall pre- | serve .. thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, — and thy
coming in,—from this time forth,—and even for
evermore, — | A- | men.

THURSDAY.

63.—PSALM 19. 1—4, 7—14.

Key F | 1 | 1 2 | 7 || 3 | 5432 | 1 ||

- 1 The heavens declare the glory of God ;
and the firmament showeth his | han .. dy | work.
- 2 Day unto day uttereth speech, — and night
unto | night .. showeth | knowledge.
- 3 There is no speech nor language
their | voice .. is not | heard.
- 4 There line is gone out through all the earth, —
and their words to the | end .. of the | world.

D

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, —
con- | verting . . the | soul.

The testimony of the Lord is sure, —
making | wise . . the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, —
re- | joicing . . the | heart.

The commandment of the Lord is pure, —
en | lightening . . the | eyes,

10 More to be desired are they than gold, — yea,
than much fine gold; — sweeter also than
honey and the | ho . . ney | comb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; —
and in keeping of them there is | great . . re- | ward.

12 Who can understand his errors? —
cleanse thou me from | se . . cret | faults.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation
of my heart, — be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, —
my strength and my Re- | deemer . . . A- | men.

FRIDAY

64.—MARK 12. 29—31.

Key F | 3 | 2 2 | 3 | 3 | 1 2 | 3 2 | 1 ||

The first of all the com- | mand . . ments | is
Hear, O Israel; — the Lord our | God . . is | one = | Lord.

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God
with all thy heart — and with all thy soul, —
and with all thy mind — and with | all . . thy | strength.
This is the | first . . and | great . . com- | mandment.

And the second is like unto it | name . . ly | this,
Thou shalt love thy | neighbour | as . . thy- | self.

There is none other commandments | greater . . than | these
On these two commandments hang | all . . the | law . .
and the | prophets.

65.—PSALM 103. 8—13.

Key D | 5 | 6 6 | 5 || 3 | 4 4 | 3 || 2 | 3 ||

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious,—
slow to anger,—and | plenteous .. in | mercy.9 He will not always chide,—neither will
he keep his | anger .. for- | ever.10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins;—nor
rewarded us according to | our .. in- | iquities ..11 For as the heaven is high above the earth,—so
great is his mercy—toward | them .. that | fear him.12 As far as the east is from the west.—so far
hath he removed—our trans- | gres .. sions | from us13 Like as a father pitieth his children,—so
the Lord-pitieth | them .. that | fear him. A-|men.

66.—THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Key E | 3 | 2 1 | 4 3 | 2 || 5 | 5 6 4 | 3 2 | 1 ||

Our Father, who art in heaven,—
| hallow .. ed | be .. thy name,—Thy kingdom come,—thy will be done,—
on | earth .. as it | is .. in | heaven.

Give us this day | our = | dai .. ly | bread;—

And forgive us our trespasses,—as we for-
give | them .. that | trespass | a- .. gainst us,And lead us not into temptation,—
but de- | liv .. er | us .. from | evil;—For thine is the kingdom,—and the power,
and the glory, for- | ev .. er | A- = | men.

NOTE, EXPLANATORY OF THE MUSIC FOR THE CHANTS.

The numerals placed before the chants are given
instead of musical notes. They represent the part for
treble voices.

The numbers in the upper line indicate intervals above the key note, and those in the lower line, intervals below.

The largest numbers represent semibreves, (whole notes,) the next size, represent minims, (half notes,) and the smallest, represent crochets, (quarter notes).

The bars (|) correspond with the perpendicular lines in the chant. The double bar (||) separates the chant into two parts; each part having a chanting note and a cadence. The words in each sentence which precede the first perpendicular line, are recited to the chanting note, without regard to time. The other words are sung in proper time, to the notes in the cadence.

Those who understand but little of music, will easily discover the method of using the numerals, by practising the following scales.

FOR SEMIBREVES. (WHOLE NOTES.)

Hold out each note long enough to count, one, two, three, four.

do re mi fa sol la si do re mi fa sol la si do
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

FOR MINIMS. (HALF NOTES.)

Hold out each note long enough to count, one, two, three, four.

do re mi fa sol la si do re mi fa sol la si do
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

FOR CROCHETS. (QUARTER NOTES.)

Hold out each note long enough to count one, two, three, four.

do re mi fa sol la si do re mi fa sol la si do
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

RECITATIONS.

1.—LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart—
“Look aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
arrayed,

“Look aloft,” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine
eye,

Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,—
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft” to the sun that is never to set

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart,—
Thy relations and friends—in sorrow depart,—
“Look aloft,” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And O, when Death comes in terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,—
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, “look aloft,” and depart.

2.—THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain;
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,

At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel,
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast
And laughed in my iron strength;
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change,
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountains steep decline,
Time, space, have yielded to my power.
The world, the world is mine;
The rivers, the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly west.
And the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,

And the monsters of the briny deep,
Cower trembling at my voice;
I carry the wealth and the lord of wealth,
The thoughts of the godlike mind,
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arms doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup,
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade,
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put in print
On the pure white page to leave.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf,
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself;
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

3.—THE SHIPBUILDERS.

The sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And spectral in the river mist
Our bare white timber show.

Up!—let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad-axe to the knarled oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast!
The sooty smithy jars,
And sparks are rising far and fast,
And fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that smashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

Gee up!—Gee ho!—The panting stream
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island-barges steer.
Rings out for us the axeman's stroke
In forests old and still;
For us the century circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—In nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part;
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slave of human Art,
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the trunnels free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusky rocks
The young^d bride of the sea?
Look!—how she moves adown the grooves
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin brow!

God bless her, whereso'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan!—
Aside the frozen Hebrides
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of Commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—but let her bear
No merchandize of sin;
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

4.—THE SNOWFLAKE.

When from the fading fruit-crown'd year, brown
Autumn glides away,
And winter comes, in austere mood, to rule the
short'ning day,—
When chill succeeds to Summer's cheer, along the
landscape dim,
And wave and wind and wood repeat, the season's
solemn hymn,—

Then frequent from impending clouds, descend the
snow-specks, light,—
And silent hill and dale array, in mantle blandly
bright;
Hiding the dark reposing earth, loading the leafless
trees,
And raising feathery drifts, as sways, the scarcely
sighing breeze.

How smoothly gay are hill and plain,—how quaint the
cottage peeps,

Beneath its dazzling load, between, its hay-stacks
snow-cap'd heaps,

Beside the level noiseless road, where small bells
frequent sound,

As swiftly fur-wrap'd travellers fly, along the mantled
ground.

How snug the hearth, while wails abroad the wintry
wind, aloud,—

And ice o'erwraps the stream, and snow comes with
the evening cloud,—

While friends about the ruddy glow, but smile at
rigours near,—

And useful page, or converse kind, attracts each willing
ear.

Tho' rests the earth, and flow'rets hide, and herb and
leaf decay,—

And sunny scene of gold and green, awaits the Summer's
day,—

Yet now, Heaven taught, the mind may meet, with
flowers and fruits divine,—

Which know not blight, of day or night, which fear no
year's decline.

5.—THE LAW OF LABOUR.

In the beginning, God made all the world,

The sea, the rivers, all the solid ground,

And in the murky bowels of the earth

He hid the metals as a prize of labour.

This one great law he gave us: "He that toils

Shall find reward; for at the strokes of toil

The earth shall team with corn and fruit for man;

The deepest mines shall show their stores of wealth."

The earth was given to Adam with this law—

Without man's toil the earth would be a desert:

Therefore the world belongs to those who toil!

6.—THE SEASONS.

- Winter.* From Northern realms of purest snow,
Where tempests growl and icebergs grow :
Old winter comes to meet you.
- Spring.* When stern old Winter has closed his reign,
And earth and sky look glad again ;
Sweet Spring then comes to greet you.
- Winter.* The earth grows pale as *I* draw near,
The waters blend and the leaves grow scar ;
And the hearts of men are quailing.
- Spring.* *I* come where the balmiest breezes blow,
With radiant beauty all things glow ;
The senses of all regaling.
- Summer.* From the land of the orange, the myrtle, the
palm,
Where the earth in its verdure forever is
drest ;
Where the groves waft rich spices, and flowers
distil balm.
I come to rekindle new joy in each breast.
- Spring.* Lovely, lovely, is the scene,
When *Spring* bedecks her fields in green.
- Summer.* Swiftly, swiftly, speed the hours,
In cooling shade and *summer* bowers.
- Autumn.* Happy, happy, is the tone,
When the reapers shout the harvest home.
- Winter.* Merrily, merrily, ring the bells,
O'er *Winter's* snow-clad hills and dales.
- Spring.* Cruel Winter! but for thee!
O how happy *I* should be.
- Summer.* Longer *I* should make my stay,
But, for Autumn's ruder sway.
- Autumn.* Blame not Autumn, 'tis his task,
To save you from the Winter.
- Winter.* Cease ye Seasons to complain,
Or longer yet shall be my reign.

Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

Relentless Winter! but for thee,
Oh! how happy I should be.

Spring. I love the birds' first notes to hear.

Summer. I love to see their young appear.

Autumn. I love to give them merry cheer.

Winter. I love with frost to greet them.

Spring. Sweet smell the flowers at dawn of day.

Summer. Sweet is the breath of the new-mown hay.

Autumn. Sweet are the fruits I store away,

Winter. 'Tis sweeter still to eat them.

Spring. Spring brings you her nosegays with thanks
to you all,

Summer. And Summer his plums and his berries tho'
small,

Autumn. And Autumn a basket of fruit from his hoard,

Winter. And Winter, gray Winter sweeps all from
the board.

Spring, Summer and Autumn.

Winter! O Winter, but for thee,
O how happy I should be.

7.—THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

A soldier! a soldier! I'm longing to be;
The name and the life of a soldier for me.
I would not be living at ease and at play;
True honor and glory I'd win in my day!

A soldier! a soldier! in armour arrayed;
My weapons in hand, of no contest afraid;
I'd ever be ready to strike the first blow,
And to fight my good way through the ranks of the
foe.

But then, let me tell you, no blood would I shed,
No Victory seek o'er the dying and dead;
A far braver soldier than this would I be;
A warrior of Truth in the ranks of the free!

A soldier! a soldier! O, then, let me be!
Young friends, I invite you—enlist now with me.
Truth's bands will be mustered—love's foes shall give
way!

Let us up, and be clad in our battle array!

8.—WATER, BRIGHT WATER FOR ME.

Oh! water for me! bright water for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity;
Oh! water, bright water, for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb;
To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength:
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis quaffing a goblet of morning light.
So, water, I will drink nought but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

9.—THE NORTHERN SEAS.

Up now and let us a voyage take,
Why sit we here at ease,
Find us a vessel tight and snug.
Bound for the northern seas.

I long to see the northern lights,
With their rushing splendours fly,
Like living things with flaming wings.
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow,
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep.
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thund'ring crash
Of their terrific fall,
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that, to and fro,
Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice
That the monster mammoth hide,
Perfect as when in times of old
The mighty creature died.

And while the unsetting sun shines on,
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl,
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

And there in wastes of the silent sky,
With silent earth below,
We shall see far off, to his lonely rock,
The lonely eagle go.

Then softly on the moss we'll tread,
By inland streams to see,
Where the hungry cormorant of the north,
Sits watching silently.

We have carried you on to the northern clime,
Its cold and ice-bound main;
Now we will return to a dearer land,
To Nova Scotia again.

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